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JAMES BARNABY, Jr. *Publishing Agent.*

BENJAMIN S. JONES, J. ELIZABETH JONES, } EDITORS.

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ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

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Extracts from the Speech of Henry Clay,

At the Mass Meeting at Lexington, Kentucky, on Saturday, November 13th, 1847.

After the organization of the Meeting, Mr. Clay rose and addressed it substantially as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The day is dark and gloomy, unsettled and uncertain, like the condition of our country, in regard to the unnatural war with Mexico. The public mind is agitated and anxious, and is filled with serious apprehensions as to its indefinite continuance, and especially as to the consequences which its termination may bring forth, menacing the harmony, if not the existence, of our Union.

It is under these circumstances, I present myself before you. No ordinary occasion would have drawn me from the retirement in which I live; but whilst a single pulsation of the human heart remains, it should, if necessary, be dedicated to the service of one's country. And I have hoped that, although I am a private and humble citizen, an expression of the views and opinions I entertain, might form some little addition to the general stock of information, and afford a small assistance in delivering our country from the perils and dangers which surround it.

* * * * *

We are informed by a statement which is apparently correct, that the number of our countrymen slain in this lamentable Mexican war, altogether it has yet been of only 18 months existence, is equal to one half of the whole of the American loss during the seven years war of the Revolution! And I venture to assert that the expenditure of treasure which it has occasioned, when it shall come to be fairly ascertained and footed up, will be found to be more than half of the pecuniary cost of the war of our Independence. And this is the condition of the party whose arms have been every where and constantly victorious.

How did we unhappily get involved in this war? It was predicted as the consequence of the annexation of Texas to the United States. The people were told that if that event happened, war would ensue. They were told that the war between Texas and Mexico had been terminated by a treaty of peace; that Mexico still claimed Texas as a revolted province; and that, if we received Texas in our Union, we took along with her the war existing between her and Mexico.—And the Minister of Mexico formally announced to the Government at Washington, that his nation would consider the annexation of Texas to the United States as producing a state of war. But all this was denied by the partizans of annexation. They insisted we should have no war, and even imputed to those who foretold it, sinister motives for their groundless predictions.

But, notwithstanding a state of virtual war necessarily resulted from the fact of annexation of one of the belligerents to the United States, actual hostilities might have been averted by prudence, moderation, and wise statesmanship. If General Taylor had been permitted to remain where his own good sense prompted him to believe he ought to remain, at the point of Corpus Christi; and if a negotiation had been opened with Mexico in a true spirit of amity and conciliation, war possibly might have been prevented.—But, instead of this pacific and moderate course, whilst Mr. Slidell was wending his way towards Mexico with his diplomatic credentials, Gen. Taylor was ordered to transport his cannon and to plant them in a war-like attitude opposite to Matamoras, on the east bank of the Rio Bravo, within the very disputed territory, the adjustment of which was to be the object of Mr. Slidell's mission. What else could have transpired but a conflict of arms?

Thus the war commenced, and the President, after having produced it, appealed to Congress. A bill was proposed to raise 50,000 volunteers, and in order to commit all who should vote for it, a preamble was inserted falsely attributing the commencement of the war to the act of Mexico. I have no doubt of the patriotic motives of those who, after struggling to divest the bill of that flagrant error, found themselves constrained to vote for it. But I must say that no earthly consideration would have ever tempted or provoked me to vote for a bill with a palpable falsehood stamped on its face. Almost idolizing truth, as I do, I never, never, could have voted for that bill.

* * * * *

How totally variant is the present war!—This is no war of defense, but one of unnecessary and of offensive aggression. It is Mexico that is defending her firesides, her castles and her altars, not we. And how different also is the conduct of the Whig party of the present day from that of the major part of the Federal party during the war of 1812! Far from interposing any obstacles to the prosecution of the war, if the Whigs in office are reproachable at all, it is for having lent too ready a facility to it, without careful examination into the objects of the war. And, out of office, who have rushed to the prosecution of the war with more ardor and alacrity than the Whigs? Whose hearts have bled more freely than those of the Whigs? Who have had more occasion to mourn the loss of sons, husbands, brothers, fathers, than whig parents, whig wives, and whig brothers; in this deadly and unprofitable strife?

* * * * *

Shall this war be prosecuted for the purpose of conquering and annexing Mexico in all its boundless extent to the United States?

I will not attribute to the President of the United States any such design; but I confess that I have been shocked and alarmed by manifestations of it in various quarters.—Of all the dangers and misfortunes which could befall this nation, I should regard that of its becoming a war-like and conquering power the most direful and fatal. History tells the mournful tale of conquering nations and conquerors. The three most celebrated conquerors in the civilized world, were Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon.

* * * * *

Supposing the conquest to be once made, what is to be done with it? Is it to be governed, like Roman Provinces, by Proconsuls? Would it be compatible with the genius, character, and safety of our free institutions, to keep such a great country as Mexico, with a population of not less than nine millions, in a state of constant military subjection?

Shall it be annexed to the United States? Does any considerate man believe it possible that two such immense countries, with territories of nearly equal extent, with populations so incongruous, so different in race, in language, in religion and in laws, could be blended together in one harmonious mass, and happily governed by one common authority?

Murmurs, discontent, insurrections, rebellion, would inevitably ensue, until the incompatible parts would be broken asunder, and possibly, in the frightful struggle, our present glorious Union itself would be dissevered or dissolved. We ought not to forget the warning voice of all history, which teaches the difficulty of combining and consolidating together conquering and conquered nations.

* * * * *

Religion has been the fruitful cause of dissatisfaction and discontent between the Irish and English nations. Is there not reason to apprehend that it would become so between the people of the United States and those of Mexico, if they were united together? Why should we seek to interfere with them in their mode of worship of a common Savior?

We believe that they are wrong, especially in the exclusive character of their faith, and that we are right. They think that they are right and we wrong. What other rule can there be than to leave the followers of each religion to their own solemn convictions of conscientious duty towards God? Who, but the great Arbiter of the Universe, can judge in such a question?

For my own part, I sincerely believe and hope those who belong to all the departments of the great church of Christ, if, in truth and purity they conform to the doctrines which they profess, will ultimately secure an abode in those regions of bliss, which all aim finally to reach. I think that there is no potentate in Europe, whatever his religion may be, more enlightened, or at this moment so interesting as the liberal head of the Papal See.

* * * * *

And who can foresee or foretell, if Mexico, voluntarily or by force, were to share in the common government what would be the consequences to her or to us? Unprepared, as I fear her population yet is, for the practical enjoyment of self-government, and of habits, customs, language, laws and religion, so totally different from our own, we should present the revolting spectacle of a confused, distracted, and motley government.

We should have a Mexican party, a Pacific Ocean party, an Atlantic party, in addition to other parties which exist, or with which we are threatened, each striving to execute its own particular views and purposes, and reproaching the others with thwarting and disappointing them.

The Mexican representation, in Congress, would probably form a separate and impenetrable corps, always ready to throw itself into the scale of any other party, to advance and promote Mexican interests. Such a state of things could not long endure. Those whom God and Geography have pronounced should live asunder, could never be permanently and harmoniously united together.

Do we want for our own happiness or greatness, the addition of Mexico to the existing Union of our States? If our population was too dense for our territory, and there was a difficulty of obtaining honorably the means of subsistence, there might be some excuse for an attempt to enlarge our dominions.—But we have no such apology. We have already in our glorious country, a vast and almost boundless territory. Beginning at the North in the frozen regions of the British Provinces, it stretches thousands of miles along the coasts of the Atlantic Ocean and the Mexican Gulf, until it almost reaches the Tropics.

It extends to the Pacific Ocean, borders on those great inland seas, the Lakes, which separate us from the possessions of Great Britain, and it embraces the great father of rivers, from its uppermost source to the Bazile, and the still longer Missouri, from its mouth to the gorges of the Rocky Mountains. It comprehends the greatest variety of the richest soils, capable of almost all the productions of the earth, except tea, coffee and the spices, and it includes every variety of climate, which the heart could wish or desire. We have more than ten thousand millions of acres of waste and unsettled lands; enough for the subsistence of ten or twenty times our present population.

* * * * *

The long series of glorious triumphs, achieved by our gallant commanders and their brave armies, unattended by a single reverse, justify us, without the least danger of tarnishing the national honor, in disinterestly holding out the olive branch of peace. We do not want the mines, the mountains, the morasses, and the sterile lands of Mexico. To her the loss of them would be humiliating, and be a perpetual source of regret and mortification. To us they might prove a fatal acquisition, producing distraction, dissension, division, probably disunion. Let, therefore, the integrity of the national existence and national territory of Mexico remain undisturbed.

* * * * *

Among the resolutions, which it is my intention to present for your consideration, at the conclusion of this address, one proposes, in your behalf and mine to disavow, in the most positive manner, any desire, on our part, to acquire any foreign territory whatever, for the purpose of introducing slavery into it. I do not know that any citizen of the United States entertains such a wish. But such a motive has often been imputed to the slave States, and I therefore think it necessary to notice it on this occasion. My opinions on the subject of slavery are well known. They have the merit, if it be one, of consistency, uniformity, and long duration. I have ever regarded slavery as a great evil, a wrong, for the present, I fear, an irremediable wrong to its unfortunate victims. I should rejoice if not a single slave breathed the air or was within the limits of our country. But here they are, to be dealt with as we can, with a due consideration of all circumstances effecting the security, safety and happiness of both races. Every State has the supreme, uncontrolled and exclusive power to decide for itself whether slavery shall cease or continue within its limits, without any exterior intervention from any quarter. In States where the slaves outnumber the whites, as is the case with several, the blacks could not be emancipated and invested with all the rights of freemen, without becoming the governing race in those States. Collisions and conflicts between the two races, would be inevitable, and after shocking scenes of rapine and carnage, the extinction or repulsion of the blacks would certainly take place. In the State of Kentucky, near fifty years ago, I thought the proportion of slaves in comparison with the whites was so inconsiderable that we might safely adopt a system of gradual emancipation, that would eventually eradicate this evil in our State.—That system was totally different from the immediate abolition of slavery for which the party of the Abolitionists of the present day contend. Whether they have intended it or not it is my calm and deliberate belief, that they have done incalculable mischief even to the very cause which they have espoused; to say nothing of the discord which has been produced between different parts of the Union. According to the system, we attempted, near the close of the last century, all slaves in being were to remain such, but all who might be born subsequent to a specified day, were to become free at the age of twenty-eight, and during their service were to be taught to read, write and cypher. Thus, instead of being thrown upon the community, ignorant and unprepared, as would be the case by immediate emancipation, they would have entered upon the possession of their freedom, capable, in some degree, of enjoying it. After a hard struggle, the system was defeated, and I regret it extremely, as, if it had been then adopted, our State would now be nearly rid of that reproach.

Since that epoch, a scheme of unmixed benevolence has sprung up, which, if it had existed at that time, would have obviated one of the greatest objections which was made to gradual emancipation, which was the continuance of the emancipated slaves to abide among us. That scheme is the American Colonization Society. About twenty-eight years ago, a few individuals, myself among them, met together in the city of Washington, and laid the foundation of that Society. It has gone on, amidst extraordinary difficulties and trials, sustaining itself almost entirely by spontaneous and voluntary contributions, from individual benevolence, without scarcely any aid from government. The Colonies, planted under its auspices, are now well established communities, with churches, schools, and other institutions appertaining to the civilized state. They have made successful war in repelling attacks and invasions by their barbarous and savage neighbors. They have made treaties, annexed territories to their dominion, and are blessed with a free representative Government.—I recently read a message from one of their Governors to their Legislature, which, in point of composition, and in careful attention to the affairs of their republic, would compare advantageously with the messages of the Governor of our States. I am not very superstitious, but I do solemnly believe that these Colonies are blessed with the smiles of Providence; and, if we may dare attempt penetrating the veil by which He conceals his all-wise dispensations from mortal eyes, that he designs that Africa shall be the refuge and the home of the descendants of its sons and daughters, torn and dragged from their native land by lawless violence.

It is a philanthropic and consoling reflection that the moral and physical condition of the African race in the United States, even in a state of slavery, is far better than it would have been if their ancestors had never been brought from their native land. And if it should be the decree of the Great Ruler of the Universe that their descendants shall be made instruments in his hands in the establishment of Civilization and the Christian Religion throughout Africa, our regrets, on account of the original wrong, will be greatly mitigated.

It may be argued that, in admitting the injustice of slavery; I admit the necessity of an instantaneous reparation of that injustice. Unfortunately, however, it is not always safe, practicable or possible, in the great movement of States and public affairs of nations, to remedy or repair the infliction of previous injustice. In the inception of it, we may oppose and denounce it, by most strenuous exertions, but after its consummation, there is no other alternative left us but to deplore its perpetration, and to acquiesce as the only alternative, in its existence, as a less evil than the frightful consequences which might ensue from the vain endeavor to repair it. Slavery is one of those unfortunate instances. The evil was inflicted upon us by the parent country of Great Britain, against all the entreaties and remonstrances of the colonies. And here it is amongst and amidst us, and we must dispose of it as best we can under all the circumstances which surround us. It continued by the importation of slaves from Africa, in spite of Colonial resistance, for a period of more than a century and a half, and it may require an equal or longer lapse of time before our country is entirely rid of the evil.

And in the meantime, moderation, prudence and discretion among ourselves, and the blessing of Providence may be all necessary to accomplish our ultimate deliverance from it. Examples of similar infliction of irreparable national evil and injustice might be multiplied to an indefinite extent. The case of the annexation of Texas to the United States is a recent and an obvious one, where, if it were wrong, it cannot now be repaired. Texas is now an integral part of our Union, with its own voluntary consent. [illegible] who would think of perpetrating the folly of casting Texas out of the confederation, and throwing her back upon her own independence, or into the arms of Mexico? Who would now seek to divorce her from the Union? The Creek and the Cherokee Indians were, by the most exceptionable means, driven from their country, and transported beyond the Mississippi River. Their lands have been fairly purchased and occupied by the inhabitants of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee. Who would now conceive of the flagrant injustice of expelling the inhabitants and restoring the Indian country to the Cherokees and the Creeks, under color of repairing original injustice? During the war of our revolution, millions of paper money were issued by our ancestors, as the only currency with which they could achieve our liberties and independence. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of families were stripped of their homes and their all, and brought to ruin, by giving credit and confidence to that spurious currency. Stern necessity has prevented the reparation of that great national injustice.

But I forbear. I will no longer trespass upon your patience or further tax my own voice impaired by a speech of more than three hours duration, which professional duty required me to make only a few days ago. If I have been at all successful in the exposion of the views and opinions which I entertain, I have shown—

1st. That the present war was brought about by the annexation of Texas, and the subsequent order of the President, without the previous consent and authority of Congress.

2d. That the President, being unenlightened and uninstructed, by any public declaration of Congress, as to the objects for which it ought to be prosecuted, in the conduct of it, is necessarily, left to his own sense, of what the national interests and honor may require.

3d. That the whole war-making power of the nation as to motives, causes and objects is confined by the constitution to the discretion and judgment of Congress.

4th. That it is therefore, the right of Congress, at the commencement or during the progress of any war, to declare for what objects and purposes the war ought to be waged and prosecuted.

5th. That it is the right and duty of Congress to announce to the nation for what objects the present war shall be longer continued; that it is the duty of the President, in the exercise of all his official functions, to conform to carry out this declared will of Congress, by the exercise, if necessary, of all the high powers with which he is clothed; and that, if he fail or refuse to do so, it becomes the imperative duty of Congress to arrest the further progress of the war by the most effectual means in its power.

Let congress announce to the nation the objects for which this war shall be further protracted, and public suspense and public inquietude will no longer remain. If it is to be war of conquest of all, or any part of Mexico, let the people know it, and they will be no longer agitated by a dark and uncertain future. But, although I might have forborne to express any opinion whatever as to purposes and objects for which the war should be continued, I have not thought proper to conceal my opinions, whether worth anything or not, from the public examination. Accordingly I have stated.

6th. That it seems to me that it is the duty of our country, as well on the score of moderation and magnanimity, as with the view of avoiding discord and discontent at home, to abstain from seeking to conquer and annex to the United States, Mexico or any part of it; and especially to disabuse the public mind in any quarter of the Union of the impression, if it any where exists, that a desire for such a conquest is cherished, for the purpose of propagating or extending slavery.

I have embodied, Mr. President and fellow citizens, the sentiments and opinions which I have endeavored to explain and enforce, in a series of resolutions, which I beg now to submit to your consideration and judgment.

Harboring Slaves.

The trial of Dr. Mitchell, of Indiana county, before the U. S. District Court, for harboring runaway slaves, was concluded last Monday. The alleged offence was committed about two years ago, and the delays of the law have prevented the case from being decided until the present time. Some of our readers will remember, that a jury, in the same Court, disagreed on this case last Spring. This time, however, there appeared to be no difficulty, as a verdict of *guilty* was brought in after a few minutes consultation.

The defendant plead that he was not aware that the Negroes were slaves. They took lodgings without leave in an old cabin on his farm, and as he is not a man of the world, or a money-making man, or an every-one-take-care-of-himself man, he did not perceive that it was his duty to drive the poor wretches away. The fact is, that Dr. Mitchell is a fanatic, who, in his madness, supposes that all men have a right to live, to enjoy Liberty, and pursue happiness—especially if their misery is so intense that it will make them seek happiness by huddling together in a miserable cabin.

For our part, we do not ask whether the defendant was *guilty* or not. We only wish to ask, what Pennsylvanians have to do with slavery? The question has been put to us a thousand times, and now it has come our turn, as it does once in a while, to give back the inquiry. If a man lives on a farm, with a few empty cabins scattered over it, and a parcel of half-starved, half-frozen wretches seek a shelter in his useless tenements, why should he be forced to enact the part of a good landlord, and kick them out of doors? But they were slaves—Slaves! What has Pennsylvania to do with slavery? Must a christian in [illegible] whether some man living under institutions with which we have nothing to do, and with which we have no right to meddle, does not claim him as a piece of property? Dr. Mitchell has shown himself to be a credulous man, and will pay about fifteen hundred dollars for his simplicity. He has heard Christianity preached all his life, and has been foolish enough to think it ought to be reduced to practice—he has been listening all his life to Fourth of July Orations, praises of Democracy and the like, and still pursued by his strange infatuation, he presumes to think that Liberty ought to be something more than a name. Poor man—what a fanatic he must be!

We understand that a meeting will be held in Temperance Hall, on *Tuesday evening* next, to make arrangements to assist Dr. Mitchell in the payment of his costs. It is to be hoped that all parties, who are opposed to the usurpations of the slave power, will be in attendance.—*Albatross.*

The Pyramid of War.

The officers of the army, who have had the best means of ascertaining the loss sustained by our army since the commencement of hostilities on the Rio Grande, put it down at TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND MEN, whose bodies mingle with the soil of Mexico! Of this number more than FIVE THOUSAND fell in battle, or were wounded. The rest have died from exposure and fatigue, or from the diseases of the climate. Eighteen months ago, the first blow was struck, being on the memorable 8th of May, at Point Isabel. The mortality, or sacrifice of human life, according to this estimate, is *fifty soldiers per day!* Think of this! Look at it!—What shrieks of lamentation cloud the glorious achievements of our arms! What appalling misery and wo is sent over the country to brighten our national escutcheon!—What [illegible] fice of life! We have annexed Texas to the United States; but when we did it, there were not as many honest men in Texas as we have lost in the war! Think of this, ye who have drowned this sacrifice of life in the glitter of the annexation scheme, and the conquest of Mexico! You wipe human beings from the face of the earth, with as little regard, as you did mean whiskey and tainted beef, at your great conventions in 1844! But there are hearts that feel, and widows and orphans that mourn as deeply, as if democracy had never promised them annexation without the shedding of blood!

But lo and behold! our victorious army is at last in the Capital of Mexico! The "Halls of the Montezumas" echo to the wild shout of victory! The cup of glory is at last full. We have arrived at the goal of our ambition. Let us stand upon the hill-tops and look down upon the paths we have ascended, and the *monumental pyramids* by the way. Let us only gaze upon the "mortal remains" of the killed and wounded, leaving the crowded hospitals out of view!

PALO ALTO—400!
MONTEREY—500!
BUENA VISTA—800!
VERA CRUZ CITY—170!
CERRO GORDO—700!
CHURUBUSCO HEIGHTS—1100!
CITY OF MEXICO—1600!!

There now, reader, *five thousand two hundred and seventy* men struck down in regular battles, without computing the loss in skirmishes and from sickness. Beside this, we have created a national debt of ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, to say nothing of MILLIONS OF PROPERTY, lost and captured by the enemy! This is the first act of the grand drama, the new glories of which are yet to be seen, and unfolded, as this lovely war progresses.—*Jonesborough (Tenn.) Whig.*

The following appeal on behalf of the colored people of Connecticut, we copy from the Charter Oak. It will suit Ohio quite as well as her sister State, and will apply with even greater force. For 9,000 disfranchised citizens, read 20,000; and for the declaration of the Constitution of Connecticut, substitute the no less comprehensive declaration of Ohio,

"That all men are born equally free and independent, and have certain natural, inherent, and unalienable rights, among which are the enjoying and defending life and liberty, acquiring, possessing, and protecting property, and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety; and every free republican government, being founded on their sole authority, and organized for the purpose of protecting their liberties, and securing their independence—to effect these ends they have at all times a complete power to alter, reform, or abolish their government, whenever they may deem it necessary."

The Question.

BY FRANCIS GILLETTE.

Every consideration suggested by a wise and an enlightened policy, demands the enfranchisement of our colored population.—Justice to ourselves require such a measure. How must a republic appear to the world, which declares, in the first article of her constitution, that "all men, when they form a social compact, are equal in rights; and that no man, or set of men, are entitled to exclusive public emoluments, or privileges from the community," and at the same time ruthlessly plunders one class of her citizens of their rights, and tramples them down, on account of a physical peculiarity; which fosters, toward this class, a system of political despotism, the most wanton and flagitious; which says to this class, virtually, with a disdainful smile, stand back from the platform of Equal Rights—come not here, for we republican white men are better than ye! Such republicans may be *white*, indeed—ay, whited sepulchres; full of a dead and rotten republi- [illegible] Truly, the reputation of the State demands the expunging of this foul stain of despotism from her Constitution, and the obliteration of all corresponding laws from her statute books.

As the case now stands, the colored citizens of this State—amounting to about 9000—are thrust into an attitude of hostility, and made the natural enemies of the State. The Constitution and Laws, by wresting from them their political rights, and degrading them to a condition of political vassalage, transformed the natural friends of the commonwealth into its foes. Is this a wise and prudent policy so to treat a certain class of citizens, as to alienate their affections from the State, and foster in their breasts the rankest hate—to make them feel that they have no part or lot in its institutions, and nothing to expect from peace, and everything to hope from revolution? It is a dangerous, an infatuated policy, which, on some emergency of foreign invasion, or intestine commotion, might seal our ruin. The grand aim of all wise legislation will be, to concentrate the patriotic regards of every citizen, and fortify the State with a circling rampart of true, devoted hearts. The father, who should depress and degrade one part of his family, and permit another portion to trample upon the victims of his injustice, would be regarded as a miscreant or a lunatic; and is this not equally true of the larger family of the State? What does Connecticut gain by degrading her colored population? Strength and glory? On the contrary, weakness and shame.

The despotisms of the old world are founded upon birth; there, a man must have royal blood in his veins to be recognized as a man, and rank with the privileged class—he must have an illustrious pedigree in order to have any rights: the despotism of Connecticut requires a man to have a certain color, he must be white—ay, white, in order to be re- [illegible] I know not which most to abhor, a despotism which predicates itself upon the quality of a man's blood—which is generally the impurest in the realm—or a despotism which makes color the standard of humanity, and graduates a man's rights by the hue of his skin. Which is the meaner and more detestable, a European aristocracy of birth, or a Connecticut aristocracy of the skin—a *rete mucosum* aristocracy? How impious thus to make the complexion, which the All-wise Creator has given to one part of his children, and for which they are no more responsible than for having been created at all, the ground of our injustice, and charge it upon men as a crime; yet, according to the *Democratic* Constitution of Connecticut, the fact of a man's being born with a dark skin, places him on a political level with the convicts in her State prison. They forfeit their political rights by deeds of villainy, such as "bribery, perjury, duelling, fraudulent bankruptcy, theft, or other offense, for which an infamous punishment is inflicted:" the colored man forfeits his rights on account of the complexion which God gave him.

Is not this virtually impugning the wisdom of Jehovah, and charging upon Him guilt, in having created men with physical peculiarities, which the Constitution and Laws of Connecticut make tantamount to the blackest crimes?

Not only does justice to ourselves demand the removal of the political disabilities under consideration, but justice to the Negro also demands it. Justice to the Negro! O, how little has justice been thought of in such a connection! Oppressed and scorned, the victim of pride and cupidity—how lightly has his humanity been appreciated! How have all the billows of adversity and sorrow rolled darkly over him! The causes of his depression are not internal but external. His character is our own handiwork, moulded and stamped by the Constitution and laws of the State. He has been the helpless victim of our cold-blooded cruelty and injustice. We have legislated him down, and frowned him down, and trodden him down—is it strange, then, that he has not risen high in civilization. He was unmanacled from personal slavery only to receive the chains of political servitude. It is said that the Negro is ignorant and degraded? Ignorant? Who has doomed him to ignorance? Degraded?—Who has degraded him? They, be it remembered, who have struck him down to a level with felons in civil rights—they who have snatched from him the key of knowledge and thrown embarrassment upon all his powers.

Lustily have the colored population of this State buffeted the torrent which bears them down, but its impetuosity has been resistless. And after all our high-handed injustice, does it become us to charge upon them degradation as a ground of continued oppression? As well might the hawk taunt the dove in his talons, because she does not plume herself and gaily fly away to the azure heavens; or the wolf upraid the lamb in his clutches, because he does not skip and play.

Lift from the colored population the heavy embarrassments which crush them to the earth; amend that odious section of the Constitution which subjects them to the pains of political ostracism; repeal these disgraceful laws which are aimed maliciously at color; adopt towards them a humane, a just, and a magnanimous policy, and their improvement and elevation will as surely follow, as the clear golden sun light the clouds and dark-

ness of a night-storm. Do them justice, in the name of Humanity and of that God who is the common Father of all "without respect of persons," do them justice, and permit them to take their appropriate place on the platform of Humanity, and enjoy an equal chance with us, to run the career to which the Creator has appointed them. If complexion must ever be allowed to work a forfeiture of political rights, let not the innocent black man suffer longer, but let the guilty wretch bear the load on whose face Vice with her polluting fingers, has emblazoned the shameful evidence of his crimes. Let the drunkard, the debauchee, and all the profligate miscreants, that now stalk boldly from their haunts of vice to the ballot-box, be repulsed with disgrace, and let virtuous colored men be received there with honor. Let all the negro-hating world understand that the principle of human brotherhood rules in Connecticut, and that the doctrine which has been recognized in all other New England States, has, at length, gained the ascendency within her borders also—that a man is a man, whether his soul is cased in ebony or ivory.

Slavery--Its Ultimate Effects.

Slavery, it is not to be denied, is an essentially barbarous institution. It gives us, too, that sign which is the perpetual distinction of barbarism, that it has no law of progress. *The highest level it reaches, is the level at which it begins.* Indeed, we need not scruple to allow that it has yielded us one considerable advantage, in virtue of the fact that it produces its best condition first. For while the Northern people were generally delving in labor, for many generations, to create a condition of comfort, Slavery set the masters at once on a footing of ease, gave them leisure for elegant intercourse, for unprofessional studies, and seasoned their character thus with that kind of cultivation which distinguishes men of society. A class of statesmen were thus raised up, who were prepared to figure as leaders in scenes of public life, where so much depends on manners and social address. But now the scale is changing. Free labor is rising at length into a state of wealth and comfort to take the lead of American Society. Meanwhile the foster sons of Slavery—the high families, the statesmen—gradually receding in character, as they must under this vicious institution, are receding also in power and influence, and have been ever since the Revolution.

Slavery is a condition against Nature; the curse of Nature, therefore, is on it, and it bows to its doom, by a law as irresistible as gravity. It produces a condition of ease which is not the reward of labor, and a state of degradation which is not the curse of idleness. Therefore the ease it enjoys cannot but end in a curse, and the degradation it suffers cannot rise into a blessing. It nourishes imperious and violent passions. It makes the masters solitary sheiks on their estates, forbidding thus the possibility of public schools; and preventing also that condensed form of society, which is necessary to the vigorous maintenance of churches. Education and religion thus displaced, the dinner table only remains, and on this hangs, in great part, the keeping of the so- [illegible] timate the humanizing power of hospitality, it cannot be regarded as any sufficient spring of character. It is neither a school nor a gospel. And when it comes of self-indulgence, or only seeks relief for the tedium of an idle life, scarcely does it bring with it the blessings of a virtue. The accomplishments it yields are of a mock quality, rather than of a real, having about the same relation to a substantial and finished culture, that honor has to character. This kind of currency will pass no longer; for it is not expense without comfort, or splendor set in disorder, as diamonds in pewter; it is not airs in place of elegance, or assurance substituted for ease; neither is it to be master of a fluent speech, or to ganish the same with stale quotations from the classics; much less is it to live in the Don Juan vein, accepting barbarism by poetic inspiration—the same which a late noble poet, drawing out of Turks and pirates became the chosen laureate of Slavery—not any or all of these can make up such a style of man, or of life, as we in this age demand. We have come up to a point, where we look for true intellectual refinement, and a ripe state of personal culture. But how clearly is it seen to be a violation of its own laws, for Slavery to produce a genuine scholar, or a man, who, in any department of excellence, unless it be in politics, is not a full century behind his time.

And if we ask for what is dearer and better still, for a pure christian morality, the youth of slavery are trained in no such habits as are most congenial to virtue. The point of honor is the only principle many of them know. Violence and dissipation bring down every succeeding generation to a state continually lower; so that now, after a hundred and fifty years are passed, the slaveholding territory may be described as a vast missionary ground, and one so uncomfortable to the faithful ministry of Christ, by reason of its jealous tempers, and the known repugnance it has to many of the first maxims of the Gospel, that scarely a missionary can be found to enter it. Connected with this moral decay, the resources of Nature also are exhausted, and her fertile territories changed to a desert, by the uncreating power of a spendthrift institution. And then, having made waste where God had made a garden, Slavery gathers up the relics of bankruptcy and the baser relics still of virtue and allmanly enterprise, and goes forth to renew, on a virgin soil, its dismal and forlorn history. Thus at length, has been produced what may be called *the Bowie-knife style of civilization*, and the new West of the South is overrun by it—a spirit of blood which defies all laws of God and man; honorable but not honest; prompt to resent an injury, slack to discharge a debt; educated to ease, and readier, of course, when the means of living fail, to find them at the gaming table, or the race-ground, than in any work of industry—probably squandering the means of living there, to relieve the tedium of ease itself.

Such is the influence of Slavery, as it enters into our American social state, and imparts its moral type of barbarism, through immigration, to the new West. Hence, the Mexican war, which had its beginning and birth in what I have called the Bowie-knife style of civilization—a war in the nineteenth century, which, if it was not purposely begun, many are visibly determined shall be a war for the extension of slavery. It was no one political party, as some pretend, who made this war, but it was the whole South-west and West, rather of all parties, instigated by a wild and riotous spirit of adventure, which no terms of reason or of Christian prudence and humanity can check. And if this war results, as probably it may, in the acquisition of a vast western territory, then is our great pasture ground of barbarism so much to be enlarged, the room to run wild extended, the chances of final anarchy and confusion multiplied.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

COMMUNICATIONS.

Notes from the Lecturing Field.

In compliance with the request of the Executive Committee, I take up my pen to note some things connected with our labors in the great work of emancipation. For some time past I have been deeply impressed with the thought that could, even, the mass of the *members* of pro-slavery churches be reached by the truth, they would receive it. Especially if that truth could be presented in the presence of their ministers, or shepherds, and they unable to gainsay or refute it. I knew of but one course to reach the parties alluded to—that was, to go to them; and to gain access to them in that way appeared very doubtful. *There was one* way of settling the point, viz. to *try* them. And as "charity begins at home," I thought it would be well to begin there. A "protracted meeting" was commenced by the Episcopal Methodists the week before we left home, to the 'Love-feast' of which friends Selby, Curtis and myself, went—that is, we went to the place where the Love-feast was to be performed. We were each refused admission. I inquired upon what grounds we were refused. The door-keeper said we were improper characters. How so? We had slandered the church, was the reply. I tried to convince him that their 'Pastor' (sheep-keeper,) had invited all 'serious' persons, and would they say that I was not a serious person? He had invited 'seekers of religion,' and I was seeking religion. But it was no use. The 'Rev.' Archibold, trembling with rage, declared if I was let in, he would not enter. I suppose he thought that if I was allowed inside, the sheep would be scattered and there would be an end both of the *fleece* and *mutton*. After a good deal of discussion between the fold-keeper, the shepherd, Mr. McAbee, our friends, &c., they forced to the door, pushing me out of the church into the world, in which my house fortunately stands.

At eleven o'clock, we returned to what had been announced as a 'public meeting,' and there was every evidence that the meeting was deemed an important one. There were two ministers in the pulpit, two in the altar, and others in the house, I am informed. During prayer, the minister very fervently prayed, to which the people fervently responded, that if they 'were wrong, God would show it to them.' I thought I would treat them as sincere persons, and rose to show them wherein they were deeply in error. But they soon convinced me that their prayers were mockery, and their appeals to God blasphemy; for scarcely had I opened my mouth, before all was confusion and discord. Ministers, class-leaders and members rose on their feet, some crying one thing, some another, the most predominant sounds being, 'put him out,' &c. One of the leading members seized me with both hands, declaring if I did not take my seat, he would drag me out. After a time, the preacher turned me over to 'Judge' Cummins, who commanded me to take my seat. I told them they were the assailants, and should take their seats. They did so, and when I had said what I wanted to say, under the circumstances, I took my seat also.

After 'Divine worship,' I spoke kindly to the brother who seized me in the church, and told him his course was not exactly christian, when in the presence of several persons, he drew back, put himself in a fighting position, clenched his hand, and said, "If it had not been that I respected the house of the Lord, I would have buried those glasses in your eyes." Never have I seen more of the spirit of hate and revenge exhibited; never did I see a mob so fully evangelical, or one that seemed so ferocious. You know I have not heretofore formed a very high estimate of that and kindred man-stealing churches, but I really did not think they were so bad.

Still I do not blame the *people*, they have been taught thus to act. The time will come when even they will feel the cheering light of truth dawning into the dark and gloomy chambers of the soul. The *chief priests* told the people to crucify Christ, and liberate the thief, and so the same class have put to torture the truth from that hour to this, and will continue the same course so long as their class and craft remain.

In the afternoon friends Selby, Curtis and myself held a meeting in the Wesleyan house, which has always been opened to us without let or hindrance, at which the position and character of the proslavery religion underwent examination. The above meeting had some influence, I trust, in guarding some against the designs of the clergy in holding the protracted meeting. My soul is filled with unutterable loathing when I contemplate the character of the men who lead 'Israel's hosts.' Well, the people always have been duped by their priests; they seem to love it; it seems almost natural. Perhaps after all, the people were made to be befooled, and we are fighting against destiny; still it looks wrong.

Yours, W.

November 24th, 1847.

The day after the date to which our last referred, we prepared to take our journey into Licking Co., from whence we now write. The heavy rains which have lately fallen made the roads, especially in the hilly districts, almost impassable. After four days hard driving, we found ourselves in Newark, the county seat. On the way we met some of our old friends, who treated us with more kindness than has always fallen to our lot since we had the audacity to "leave the church." The first night from home we were cordially received, and kindly entertained by the family of A. Blair, of Deersville, members of the Wesleyan Church.—Faithful adherence to the slave, rather than sect, does not seem to have affected this family at all. I wish I could say this of every Wesleyan family.

While speaking on this subject, I will mention the Temperance House of Mr. Cary, of Cambridge, the town from which friend Hull, and his paper, were driven by the mob. This is one of the best houses in the country, with one of the most obliging hosts. He is an anti-slavery man, and has had his house mobbed several times since the removal of the "Clarion," which was published in the same building. I hope our anti-slavery friends, when they travel this way, will keep in mind this Hotel. At Concord, eight miles from Cambridge, we spent a short time with Bro. Hull, of the Clarion. He seems to be one of the most devoted men with whom we are acquainted, aiming at the right, and if he does not hit it, it is because he has unintentionally missed it. We talked with him freely on some points wherein we think he errs, and have strong hopes that friend Hull will some day, not far distant, see his way clear to ascend higher. I know his motto is "Excelsior."

In due time, as heretofore stated, we arrived at the county seat, in and around which, we were to sound the bugle notes of "no union with slaveholders." We scarcely ever felt so lonely. Utter strangers in the place, shivering with cold, and almost covered with mud, we put our horse up at the tavern, and directed our course to the Post office to see if a *stray* Bugle, Liberator or Standard were taken. Nothing of the kind was known, such fanatics made no attempt to disturb the equanimity of "Heralds," "Gazettes," &c., in that office.

We called upon several persons, but they declared that they were not abolitionists, neither did they know any in town. At last we found a Mr. Wright, a Lawyer, who was said to be an abolitionist. We hastened to his office, was received by him politely, but on telling our business, Mr. Stanbery, his partner, a large corpulent man and a member of Congress, vociferated, that they "wanted nothing to do with the damned niggers," following this with considerable invective because we elected James K. Polk, caused the Mexican war, &c. &c. We soon set the savage old fellow right on that score and bid him good day. We could not in all this lovely village find a solitary abolitionist.—We started for Granville, eight miles from Newark, and found W. Wright, brother-in-law to William Steadman, of Randolph, who with his wife received us kindly, and bade us welcome to his house while we might stay in the place. He is a strong Liberty party man, and seemed somewhat afraid of our visit. The next day (Saturday) we lost no time in seeing those who were called abolitionists—thought from appearances that we could hold meetings on the next day. I got into the Methodist Church in the afternoon, but could get it no more; application was made for the Conference room of the Congregational Church for evening. But the Pastor, Mr. Little, would not consent.—The reason assigned was, that in his New-Year's sermon he had pledged himself not to give us any countenance. We stated in the Methodist Church that as no place could be obtained in Granville in which to plead the slave's cause we should leave the place. Upon this Mr. Ells, a Lawyer, (Liberty party) rose and said he little thought that free discussion was driven into such a fix in Granville, offered his office, which we accepted, and held a meeting in it at night; the next day the Conference room was opened.

We had not time to do our cause justice in this place, from the fact that when we were driven into a small office, we went to Alexandria and appointed meetings there.—Some opposition as well as enquiry was created, which will result in good. We were kindly entertained by Dr. Bancroft and Mr. Hewit, during part of our visit. This place has seven churches I believe, a Baptist College, a male and female Seminary, as well as other religious appliances. In fact there is so much religion that there is room for nothing else. Especially anything pertaining to humanity. There is quite a Liberty vote here I am informed, and about $200 is raised annually for the American and Foreign Society, and yet not a place for free discussion. The Liberty party men here as well as nearly everywhere else stultify themselves by their unflinching adherance to a pro-slavery church. You may judge of the kind of abolition that abounds here from the following remark of Mr. Ells, who was delegate to the Buffalo Convention, which was corroborated by Dr. Bancroft, the latter being a member of a pro-slavery church himself: "that if the majority of the Abolitionists had to give up either their abolitionism or their pro-slavery churches, they would give up the former."

Professed Abolitionists remain in corrupt churches in order as they say to reform them until the evil communications corrupt their good manners, they become wedded to their man-stealing church and esteem its existence of greater moment than the freedom and happiness of the whole race. There is not I believe even a "Liberty party abolitionist" occupying a single pulpit in the town; still I am informed that the leading members are Liberty party. The slave has little to hope from men whose religious views will allow them to place the keeping of their souls in the care of men who will plead and vote for the most base of all pirates—men-stealers.—The more I survey the ground, the more deeply am I convinced there is no hope from the churches. They are despotisms, and the freest of them are composed of despots and slaves—masters and servants—shepherds and sheep. He that will free others must be free himself. Twelve years since Theodore Weld was mobbed out of this place, and the churches are still closed.

Some truth has been scattered by the lectures, some books have been sold and 'Hope' waits for the result. Last evening (Tuesday 23d) it rained so incessantly that no meeting was held. To-night and to-morrow night we have meetings at this place (Alexandria.) We don't expect much, for the Methodists have just closed a protracted meeting. I find it to be an unvarying fact—that the more of the *prevailing* piety the people have, the less heart have they for humanity.

W.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, DECEMBER 17, 1847.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—*Edmund Burke.*

☞ Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

Friends of the slave, fill up the list! Volunteers are needed! The exigencies of the cause demand them, and they *must* be had. The Executive Committee need your immediate aid—will you give it? *Fifty* subscribers to the following plan are indispensible—there ought to be A HUNDRED, and would be, if all who profess to love the slave would do according to their ability. Send in your names without delay.

A Promise.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to pay to the Ex. Committee of the Western A. S. Society, $10 for the support of the Bugle against the 1st of April 1848; with the understanding that in consideration thereof we are entitled to ten copies of said paper for one year, to be sent without further charge to such persons as we may direct, provided they are applied for before the 1st of July, 1848.

1 *Isaac Trescott*, Salem,
2 *Wm. Lightfoot*, "
3 *Jas. Barnaby*, "
4 *Benj. S. Jones*, "
5 *J. Elizabeth Jones*, "
6 *Lot Holmes*, Columbiana,
7 *T. Elwood Vickers*, New Garden.

Reduction of Price.

Since the outside form of our paper was made up, the Ex. Com. decided to reduce the price of the Bugle from the commencement of the New Year, to $1 per annum, if paid *at* the time of subscribing; $1,25 if paid *within* three months, and $1,50 if payment is delayed *longer* than three months. No subscription will be received for less than six months, and subscribers for a half year must *invariably* pay in advance. These terms will be *rigidly* adhered to, and no one must think himself hardly used, if not *a single day's grace* is given.

The reason of the Committee for reducing the price was two-fold—to extend the circulation of the paper, and to lessen the pecuniary loss to which its publication weekly subjects them. But if the friends of the Society and the paper do not exert themselves neither of these objects will be accomplished, and the Committee will labor under a yet heavier burden. *Five hundred* additional subscribers *must* be obtained—one thousand ought, and *may* be, by reasonable exertions of the true friends of the cause. There are certainly at *least* fifty persons in the West who are abundantly able to promise what the Committee ask of them—Salem, without any solicitation, has furnished five, and will probably increase the number. Friends, the Committee do not ask you to *give* ten dollars, but merely to advance it. There is no doubt but what if you choose to do it, you can obtain 10 new subscribers to the paper, and thus obtain your money back, and the Committee are desirous you should do this, for they would far rather furnish you with ten copies of the Bugle for the money you advance, than to receive it as a gift, for by extending the circulation of the paper, Anti-slavery principles will be strengthened. But if you cannot procure the ten subscribers, you have the privilege of giving to so many of your friends as will make up the number, a present of the paper for one year—and what present would be more useful! Don't, we beg of you, let it be told to James K. Polk that we could not enlist *one hundred* volunteers in this war, while *tens* of thousands go at his bidding to Mexico. Send in your names immediately, that the Committee may know on *what* and whom they may depend. A few words to those of our Anti-slavery friends whom we hardly expect to advance their $10, and then we shall be ready to record the names of volunteers.

Abolitionists! the price of the paper was not reduced to save *you* from paying the odd fifty cents every year—not at all! We expect you to add *another* fifty cents to your subscriptions, and have a copy sent to some one who needs the paper far more than you do the money. Don't do as one of our friends did last week, who sent us a letter saying *the Bugle must be sustained*, and then wound up by saying, I want to subscribe for two other papers, and take so many now that you will please discontinue my Bugle.

The paper the Committee furnish you, is a cheap paper—it has a great deal of valuable reading matter in it—it is the only Disunion paper in the West—the only one that boldly opposes a government which regards mercy as a crime, which punishes with fine and perchance imprisonment your Van Zandts, and Parrishes, and Mitchells, because they shelter the unfortunate. Every one of you who loves the cause of freedom, who is willing to make a trifling sacrifice to sustain it, will double his own subscription and endeavor to persuade his neighbors to subscribe; we take back the expression—it is no sacrifice to you, for you will receive not less than the full worth of your money, and at the same time be aiding in the promotion of a good cause.

If you are not willing to become one of the fifty, or the hundred to advance your $10, exert yourselves to get one, two, or more subscribers—make us a New Year's gift of five hundred! you can if you will.

JAMES BARNABY,
Publishing Agent.

P. S. Those subscribers who were in arrears for more than six months' subscription, and have not complied with the terms of the published "Notice," must expect to pay at the rate of $1,75 per year. J. B.

Clay's Speech.

We give this week such portions of this famous speech as we suppose will be most interesting to our readers. It has elicited unbounded praise from the Whig press of the North.

The New York Tribune declares, that "Mr. Clay has added one more, to the many proofs of his exalted statesmanship, and lofty devotion to right." The Boston Atlas is "gratified to find Mr. Clay taking ground against the extension of slave territory," and "thinks his speech will have a good effect in rallying the good sense and patriotism of the nation." Another Editor, somewhat more poetical than his neighbors, beholds with prophetic eye the scattered legions of Slavery flying as chaff before the wind; and is quite sure "that no human power can withstand the onward march of Freedom's Army, led by Henry Clay!"

Now we are unable to find any thing in this renowned speech to call forth all this fulsome eulogy. Mr. Clay's "lofty devotion to right!" Who can doubt it? Don't he say *himself* that he almost idolizes truth?—Almost! He is not yet altogether given to idolatry. Though old in years, Mr. Clay is young in the church, and young converts are apt in confessing their faults to magnify them, and confess to short-comings such as they have never been charged with by others, and would not, perhaps, always wish to be. We are inclined to suspect that this is Mr. Clay's present condition. This confession to a tendency to the worship of idols, we think is too full. The Great Being whom he serves and worships—the God of Slaveholders and duellers—the instigator of "robbery and crime and blood"—*the father of lies*, knows Mr. Clay's heart too well to fear that he will ever worship "any other Gods" before him; or if he should, that Truth will ever be among his chosen idols.

But we are told that Mr. Clay takes ground against the extension of slave territory. We have read his speech without finding such ground. True, he declares that he is opposed to acquiring any foreign territory, *for the purpose of introducing Slavery into it*; but he does not say he will oppose the introduction of Slavery into such territory, in case it shall be acquired. He has not added such inconsistency to his long course of wickedness and folly. No, the man who boasted a few years ago that he was the principle agent in effecting the triumph of the slave power in 1820, and who now boasts that his course in relation to Slavery has been consistent through life, does not give the lie to his own declarations and assert that he is opposed to the extension of the hateful system of Slavery.

The *Union*, the administration organ at Washington, professes as loudly, and we doubt not as honestly as Mr. Clay, to be opposed to the acquisition of new territory for the purpose of extending Slavery. When such territory is annexed, Mr. Clay's influence, as well as that of the Union, will go in favor of establishing Slavery upon it. A whole life of devotion to this vile system, is the evidence that such will be his course.

And this is the great leader of Freedom's army! The man who in 1820 effected more for the extension and perpetuity of American Slavery than any other man has ever accomplished; he who in 1839 declared in the Senate of the United States that long years of legislation had sanctioned and sanctified the system, whose every action that could affect it, has gone against human Freedom, and who to-day claims as his property fifty of his equal fellow men! Shame upon the Northern man, who is willing basely to follow such a leader! Mr. Greely seems to hope that the people are good enough to deserve such a man for President. If they are not, the nation must be sunk deeper in infamy than even the "fanatical Abolitionists" have ever imagined.

Mr. Clay admits Slavery to be a great evil and a great wrong; yet clings to his own Slaves, justifies the business of slaveholding, and throws the responsibility upon Great Britain! His morality does not seem at all improved by his conversion to Religion. It would be strange if it were. The slaveholding religion of this nation, inculcates a morality low and debasing enough, even for Henry Clay.—J.

"The Delaware Abolitionist."

This is the title of a small semi-monthly which the Delaware Anti-slavery Society propose issuing, the first No. of which is before us.

It will doubtless do some good, and we fear some harm; for if the contributions of its correspondents, and its editorial articles are to be taken as a specimen of its anti-slavery character, we should say it fell far short of the true standard, and if it is the exponent of the Abolition of the Society which publishes it, Delaware anti-slavery needs a new baptism. We do not wish to be captious, but must confess that the pleasure we felt upon the reception of the "Abolitionist" was considerably lessened by an examination of its contents. Whether it will advocate *immediate* or gradual emancipation, we are unable to decide, either from the prospectus or from the paper itself—its sole object appears to be the abolition in Delaware.

One of its correspondents asserts, that Washington, Jefferson, and all other slaveholding as well as non-slaveholding heroes of the Revolution were abolitionists, and he might as well have added the names of Henry Clay, James K. Polk, Hope H. Slatter, and other modern heroes, who love liberty for themselves. He says, "they"—these slaveholding abolitionists—"believed slavery to be a great evil, and wished to eradicate it in a just and equitable manner. We wish to do the same thing in a similar way." If slavery in Delaware is to be abolished in the same way that Washington, Jefferson, and Henry abolished it in Virginia, and Pinkney and Haynes in Carolina, or even on their own plantations in those States, we should like some one to tell us how soon the slaves of Delaware will have their freedom.

The following article from its editorial columns we publish entire:

ABOLITION

Is a thing of which very many honest people have a great dread, and very justly too, if their conception of it be true. If abolition means to incite the slaves to insubordination, rebellion, assassination, midnight burnings, and all manner of excesses, then indeed is there good reason to dread it. Then should our people be aroused to exorcise the evil spirit from our loved country. That it is what has been described, is the firm belief of many, we are well aware. But how have they obtained their belief? Has it not been by listening to exparte statements and exaggerated reports? Has it not been by attributing to the mass of those who bear the name of abolitionists, the spirit that has actuated, and the measures which have been adopted by a few ultra fanatics? We opine it has. There never was a reform but what the movers of it would have been as justly styled disorganizers and for the same reason. There appears to be an idiosyncrasy in some individuals of the human family, which cause them when waked up to the necessity of a reform, to carry their ideas of it to such a length as to shock the common sense and moral perceptions of the mass. That such individuals have appeared in the garb of abolitionists, it would be useless to deny, but the whole body is no more chargeable with their vagaries, than the people of the United States are chargeable with being drunkards, thieves, or murderers, because there are such to be found in the country. What then is meant by abolition? As we understand it—it is a practical application of the sublime truth promulgated by our fathers, that all men have an inalienable right to liberty. It teaches that because man has such a right, it is wrong to deprive him of it, or withhold it from him. That when he is deprived of his liberty, it is the duty of his holder to restore to him, what are his just rights. That to do right is always the most politic. That to restore the slave to freedom, will promote the interests of the slaveholder, as well as benefit the slave.—That slave labor impoverishes, and free labor enriches any country. This is what we mean by abolition, and this is what we shall advocate.—s.

There are some very good things in the above, and some things taken in the connection in which they stand, not very good.—The writer evidently wishes to stroke the slaveholder on the back, and make him purr his approval of "The Delaware Abolitionist." There is nothing puts the American man-thief in so good a humor with himself and all the world beside—abolitionists excepted—as a talk about these "ultra fanatics," who are so radical in their ideas of reform, "as to shock the common sense and moral perceptions of the mass, especially when it is followed up by a disclaimer of fellowship, not with slaveholders and their abettors, but with these individuals who "have appeared in the garb of abolitionists."

Experience and observation has abundantly

demonstrated, that the reformer who attacks a popular sin, and tells the *whole* truth concerning it, will necessarily shock, what is called "the common sense and moral perception of the mass." If the sentiments embodied in the foregoing extract are those by which "The Delaware Abolitionist" is to be governed, then, as "the common sense and moral perception of the mass" in this country say that a slaveholding government is a just and righteous government; that a religion which recognizes slaveholders as christians is a pure and holy religion; that the war with Mexico is a war of necessity and patriotic withal, it of course will consider it highly improper to say aught against them. But "the common sense and moral perception of the mass" will very patiently tolerate a few flings at the ultra fanatics, the radical abolitionists.

☞ Our thanks to Mrs. Kirkland, for the 1st vol. of "The Union Magazine." We have not yet had leisure to give it as much attention as we design to bestow; but have looked into it here and there, and find we have already copied a number of its articles, although at the time of doing so, we were not aware that the Union was edited by Mrs. Kirkland.

Within a few years past there has been a great improvement in the general character of American Monthlies, both in regard to the style of their mechanical execution, and in their literary merit. But there is yet a large and growing class in community whose wants are not supplied; and we believe a Monthly of light literature, as it is called, sustained by contributions from radical reformers, whose every article should have a moral that could not only be seen but *felt*; whose stories, however much adorned by poesy, should illustrate some truth that should be practical and of every day character, would receive a living support, and accomplish a vast deal of good. A corps of such writers would be, to the cause of reform, like light-armed troops who are efficient where the heavy-clad soldier is useless.

The Union Magazine does not, by any means, come up to this mark; it, however, gives more evidences of approximation to it than any other with which we are acquainted. Mrs. Kirkland is known to the reading public as an interesting and amusing writer, and we intend to give our readers an opportunity of becoming acquainted with her style. She is also, we understand, something of a reformer, and in the list of contributors to the Magazine are the names of several who are well known as the writers of stories of a reformatory character—Lydia Maria Child, T. S. Arthur and others. There is no doubt but the work will be a very excellent one of its kind.

Its typographical execution is of a superior style, and the design of the illustrations generally *very* fine; we like not, however, the death-scene of Colonel Clay—we should think his friends would desire to have it forgotten how ignobly he died. Besides the frontispiece illustrations, there are more ordinary ones interspersed throughout the work. Among other things, the publishers promise to give fourteen fac similes of the characters used in writing as many different languages, which will certainly be valuable to the curious in such matters.

The published terms of the Magazine are, 1 copy $3, 2 copies $5, 5 copies $10.

President's Message.

We have not much space to devote this week to the President's Message. About one half of it is taken up with a lame defence of the Mexican War; and the stale falsehoods to which he resorts to justify the infamous course of this government toward Mexico will not become much staler to our readers if they do not receive them until next week.

The Message is doubtless sweet music to Southern ears, and is a beautiful specimen of deliberate falsehood, undoubted assurance, and pro-slavery corruption; and evidences strong faith in the continued gullibility of the dear people.

Governor's Message.

This document is before us, and is of commendable brevity. It treats of matters usually spoken of by such functionaries on such occasions, and some things which are not always noticed. Among the topics upon which it treats, are the condition of the State Treasury; the sending of Ohio troops to Mexico; the conduct of the Penitentiary and a reform suggested; the Common School system and an improvement anticipated; acquisition of Mexican territory and the Wilmot Proviso ground taken; and lastly a repeal of the Black Laws which he disposes of in the following lines:—

"I cannot forget that the "black laws" still disgrace our statute books. All I can do, is earnestly to reiterate the recommendation for their unqualified repeal."

Calling Things by their right names. The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter thus commences an article upon the capture of Mexico:—

"The *brigands* who form the American army, have at length, after a series of bloody battles, become masters of the city of Mexico."

That is right—they *are* brigands, they deserve no better title whether they bear the musket of a private or a General's commission.

General Items.

The Court of Common Pleas, for Barnstable co. Mass. recently held its annual session. The Judges were there, the Chaplain was there, the Grand Jurors were there, the Petit Jurors were there, the Crier was there, a legion of lawyers was there, but *no plaintiff or defendant was there*, and the Court had to adjourn for lack of business.

It is said that 82,000 pounds of poultry passed over the Providence railroad in a single day during thanksgiving week, all destined for the Boston market and designed to assist the people of that city in their appointed devotions.

About 40,000 females are employed in Mass. in manufacturing straw hats, stocks &c. and the amount annually earned by them at this business is nearly $5,000,000.

Horse-beef has become quite a common article of food in Germany, where it is cheaper than cow-beef. In one city, it is stated that within three months, 132 horses had been killed and eaten.

Bills are now pending in the Legislatures of Vermont and Tennessee to secure to married women their right to the property they held at time of marriage. This is indicative of the taking of another step toward equal rights.

The New York Mirror says, "the Stage has not furnished half the number of public criminals that the Pulpit has done; and there is hardly an instance on record of a capital crime being committed by a player." If this be true, does it not look as if the influence of the latter was worse than the former?

An apparatus has been introduced into one of the manufactories in Pittsburg, by which the smoke that usually passes out of the chimney is consumed. The general introduction of such in every factory would be a real blessing to that smoke blackened city, and would convince the good people there that atmospheric air is quite as wholesome in its ordinary state, as when thickened by the addition of one fourth coal smoke. The establishment into which the apparatus is introduced, saves by it twenty five bushels of coal per day. In this case it appears that economy and cleanliness go hand in hand.

The press upon which the New York Sun is printed throws off at the rate of *twelve thousand* impressions per hour.

General Sam Houston has been nominated for President of the United States, by a Democratic Convention in Texas. He is, without doubt, amply qualified for the office.

Rain! Rain!! Rain!!!—All the people round about have had an excellent opportunity of realizing the meaning of the phrase "the rainy season." If the dwellers within the topics have any more rain on such occasions than has fallen here this winter, we pity them. We have had rain in the morning, rain at noon, and rain at night, and rain *all* night.—The amount of rain that has fallen within a few days has been so great, that destruction to property, and perchance to life must ensue from the freshet it has produced. We shall probably hear of the almost universal destruction of mill-dams, the sweeping away of bridges, and all the train of disasters that come with the sweeping tide of a tremenduous freshet.

Oh! for a month of clear, cold sky; with a keen frosty air to make the blood dance gaily through one's veins and brace the nerves.

The Albatross, a Liberty party paper which was recently started in Pittsburg, has been discontinued for want of patronage after reaching its 10th No.

Had professed reformers but half as much worldly wisdom as those who oppose them, their newspapers would not be suffered to languish for want of support. Among the first lessons which Whigs and Democrats, and all the sectarians learn, is the necessity of sustaining the papers which advocate their views and disseminate their principles. But with all classes of reformers, the very last thing the great mass of them dream of, is the need of sustaining the press which gives its support to their movement, and with too many it is only a *dream* after all. However much wiser these reformers may be than their brethren in some things, they certainly exhibit a most woful deficiency in the matter referred to.

Robert C. Winthrop was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives. At last session of Congress he voted for a resolution which he acknowledged to be a lie, and voted to Polk all the men and money that was asked for the Mexican war. He is greatly distinguished for his subserviency to the slave power; and the privileged South could not have selected a northern man more fully imbued with Southern principles when his interest demanded it. He is a fit tool to do their dirty work, and we wish he may receive a righteous recompense for the bargain he has made.

☞ Nothing of special importance from Mexico. Some battles with the guerrillas are noted, and one or two attempted revolutions.

☞ We have had no mail from the North since Friday night—that due on Monday had not arrived when we went to press.

☞ It was stated in a previous number, that the expenses of Wm. Lloyd Garrison's illness at Cleveland, were $100; and an invitation was extended to those who wished to aid in defraying them, to send their donations to the Treasurer of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—such contributions to be acknowledged through the columns of the Bugle.

Amount previously acknowledged	$35,50
Mrs. Daniel R. Tilden, Ravenna,	1,00
	$36.50

J. Elizabeth Jones,
Treasurer.

Our thanks to the unknown friend who sent us a copy of Theodore Parker's letter to the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers. The Association seems to be in rather a tight place, and if they attempt to answer the question contained in the letter, in language which the people can understand, they will place themselves in a very strange position before the reflecting portion of community.

"Extremes will Meet." One of our mails of last week brought us an illustration of the truth of this proverb in the shape of "The Reporter," an *occasional* Liberty party daily from New Lisbon, and "The National Intelligencer," a weekly Whig paper from Washington. The type of the former, by accurate measurement, covers just 52 square inches! that of the latter 3128!

The Phonographic Comet, Vol. 1., No. 1, is received. It consists of twelve pages, which appear to be well executed, and handsomely done up in cover. Published monthly by E. Webster & F. G. Adams, Cincinnati. Terms $1 per year.

The Liberty League was to hold a convention at Seneca Falls, N. Y., on the 15th 16th, & 17th inst. The committee which called the meeting, say it was made necessary by the degeneracy of Liberty party.

Prince Iturbide, the individual whom it has been proposed to place on the Mexican throne, bears a Major's commission in the Mexican army, and is now in Cincinnati as a prisoner of war.

In South Carolina, the slaves number 145 to every 100 whites; in Mississippi 109 to 100. In no other State of the Union are the slaves munerically equal to the white population.

The Elective Franchise.

"Old Paths," a correspondent of the Evangelical Repository, with whom our readers have had some acquaintance, concludes an article as follows:

"In this the day of my perplexity it occurred to me that, at the time the constitution was framed, it was distinctly *understood* by the framers of it that slavery should be of short continuance, and that it would soon pass out through state legislation; and, in view of this, the constitution was so worded that it need not be altered when slavery had ceased to exist in the states. I therefore came to the conclusion that the time had elapsed, and that slavery had no constitutional being either in the general or state governments, as such existence would be in violation of the understanding of the framers of the constitution, which understanding is evident from the history of those times, and from the face of the constitution itself. And I have also concluded to vote for no man that would not come to the same conclusion, although he might not adopt my premises in arriving at it. Nor would I support any man who would not make known this his determination to the administrator of the oath at the time of the administration of it."

This difficulty arose from the fact that in the late trial of Dr. Mitchell, in Pittsburgh, for aiding a fugitive, Judge Grier in his charge, gave the following interpretation of the Constitution:—"We might feed," said he, "the hungry, &c., but that if we did any act, the natural tendency of which was to let or hinder the pursuing master in reclaiming his escaping slave, knowing him to be a slave, we violated the constitution and law, and subjected ourselves to the penalty.*

In nearly every respect, this view of "Old Paths" appears to us untenable. 1st. He does not say that the framers of the Constitution supposed it would disappear through the operation of any Constitutional principle: but on the contrary, he admits that it was looked for "through *State* Legislation." Of course, he must admit that in the apprehension of the framers, there was no provision in the constitution for the removal of slavery: had there been, they would have anticipated its removal as a consequence of such provision. Anticipating this "through state legislation," of course they understood it to be left to state control: the constitution was not made for slaves. In making this admission, this writer saps his own foundations. 2d. By what right does "Old Paths" fix the time when slavery was expected to disappear? "I came to the conclusion:"—On what grounds? If the evil was to be remedied by "state legislation" was not the *time* left to their option? Or does he adopt the absurd idea that the states were actually bound in adopting the constitution to abolish slavery, and that in a given time? But even granting this, how does he know that the majority had fixed upon fifty-eight years, and that the minority had given their consent?—Yet all this he must know, or his conclusion is premature. 3d. Is not this to extend the authority of the understanding of the framers, to a most unwarrantable extent? We grant, we hold that the views of the framers, and of the country when the constitution was adopted, are highly useful in ascertaining its true meaning. We are ever suspicious of any logic which rejects this method of reasoning. But we cannot go farther. The doctrine of "Old Paths" makes the understanding of the framers an *additional article of the Constitution*, an article by which the slave states were as much bound as by the written ones, for he expressly says that inasmuch as they have not conformed to it, slavery in them, is now "unconstitutional." This "understanding" then was an *unwritten* article to which the parties assented. 4th. If his doctrine be the right one, "Old Paths" does not go far enough, he ought to demand a pledge of candidates, that they will *require* the states to emancipate according to the constitution, or be proceeded with as other violators of this fundamental law. Is he ready for this? We think not. If slavery was constitutional sixty years ago, he has too much sense to imagine that it is now so unconstitutional that we might send our armies and compel them to emancipate.

We agree with this writer that the "subject of voting under the constitution is greatly agitating the religious community and is increasing daily." And we feel assured that it will not be long before a "great company" of such men as "Old Paths," will be found disentangled from all the mazes of error in reference to it, and taking the true and solid ground to which many have already come up—that the constitution is a pro-slavery document, and cannot be consistently sworn to by the Christian.—*Covenanter.*

* This we believe to be the true view of the Constitution.

What are we Fighting for?

For now more than eighteen months our armies have been whipping the Mexicans and over-running their country. According to the President, we commenced fighting to repel invasion. That repelled, we continued to fight to recover some two or three millions of debts due from the government of Mexico to citizens of this government. Next we fought to "conquer a peace." At length we have fought the life all out of our victim. The whole Mexican nation lies prostrate at our feet, and still we fight. Still new soldiers are being enlisted, and still reign blood and carnage, in Mexico.

Why is this? What do our government seek? Revenge for past injuries? And have they not drunk of revenge to their fill? Have they not slaked their thirst for vengeance in the very heart's blood of the Mexican Republic? Seek they military glory? And have they not garnered all that that nation affords? Can the robbery and slaughter of defenceless men, women and children, add further to the glory of our nation? Do the government seek indemnity for the expenses of the war? Have they not disabled Mexico, so that she can offer no indemnity? And will not her disability increase with every moment's continuance of the war? Seek we territory? In the name of Heaven, why not then take all we want? The Mexicans can offer no resistance. If we are resolved to extend Texas to the Rio Grande, why, then take it—extend our laws over it, and if need be put our army there to defend it. The same of California and New Mexico. If the administration are determined to have them, why don't they take them, and let the rest of Mexico alone?

We wish some apologist for this war would tell us and the country the precise object for which it is to be still further prosecuted. Already it has cost the nation more men and more money than the last war with Great Britain. Already has it involved us in a debt which a century will not wipe out. And still, if we may believe what we hear and see around us, we are no nearer any visible end than when we first began. So far as the wisest man can see, without an entire change of policy there is no prospect of its coming to an end. If the government were sincere in their desire for peace, they would have had it long ago. The late negotiation might have closed the war, and would have done so, had our commissioner not insisted on the cession of territory, which however valuable to Mexico, can never be other than a curse to us. There is not a rod of Mexican territory, except Upper California, which ought ever to be annexed to this country.—And that the Mexican commissioners offered to cede to our government in the late negotiation. But California was not adapted to the purposes of slavery, and the offer was rejected. The war having been commenced and waged thus far for the purpose of opening new fields for that accursed institution, the administration are evidently determined that no peace shall be made which will not accrue to its benefit.

For this, then, it is that we are fighting?—Not for the honor of the country—not for glory, nor avenge the wrongs we have suffered at the hands of the people or government of Mexico, are we fighting. Not to conquer a peace. Nor are we fighting, as our fathers fought, for freedom and the rights of man.—Instead we are rallying under the black flag of slavery. Our barbarous neighbor has consecrated her entire soil to universal liberty. It is the fundamental law of that poor ill-fated republic, that a man is a man everywhere and not a chattel. To annul that law we are carrying death and slaughter, fire and rapine, through all her borders. To abolish freedom and free labor, and plant, instead, chains and slavery upon the free green hills and valleys of Mexico, do we sacrifice thousands of men and millions of money. We ask, we entreat honest men, patriotic men of all parties to consider carefully and prayerfully, if this be not so? Does the honor, glory or welfare of the country demand a further and indefinite prosecution of the present war? Do the interests of the people require it? Does any interest in the country require it, save the great interest of human slavery? We pause for a reply.

And yet, infamous as are the objects and purposes of the war, no dog may wag his tongue against it. The president has made it. Congress have endorsed it, and the people are slaves. To speak of it as a great wrong against Mexico and fraught with untold dangers to our country, is to be a traitor, and to deserve a traitor's doom. In the name of all that is free on earth and just in Heaven, how long shall the free laboring millions of this boasted land of freedom be led like sheep to the slaughter, and shrink from opening their mouths against a conspiracy to rob them of their birthright, and make them "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to the foulest despotism that curses the world? How long will we consent to see our fellow-men shipped like coffled slaves to do work over which the demons of the pit can alone rejoice? How long ere the free, christian men of our republic, aye, and the women too, shall arouse to their danger, and demand, in the name of God, Humanity and their country, that the sword of slavery be sheathed, and sheathed forever? As "He who ruleth in Heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth" is just, and will not let his justice sleep forever, this nation must repent and return from its present career of oppression, violence, and blood, or share the fate of former republics, whose rulers have oppressed man and forgotten God.—*Independent Democrat.*

The Liberty Herald---Coming Right.

We find the following disclaimer of what may be termed the ultra anti-slavery interpretation of the U. S. Constitution, that given by Goodell, Bradburn, Spooner, and Gerritt Smith. Of their doctrine the Herald says:

"In our own apprehension, the *anti*-slavery construction of the United States' Constitution, stretched to the extent of this proposition, is utterly untenable. The labor and learning of its advocates give us no light and affords us no pleasure; indeed, their failures are so complete that we are sorry for the attempt—sorry that they did not at first take true ground and direct the public mind, as they might have done by this time, into the right attitude toward this vast question; for it really involves the whole philosophy of our government and all the duties and relations of citizenship."

What the Herald considers "the right views" we cannot, after all, clearly discern. Does it admit that the Constitution throws its ægis over slave "property" even when it has made its escape to the free States? that it demands the surrender of fugitives? Or does it belong to that class which attempts to explain away this provision of the Constitution?—*Covenanter.*

The Mexican War.—There is an old story which has been often told, and with which every body is familiar, but which, nevertheless, will bear repeating. In one of the European wars, a detachment of the British army found itself in the vicinity of a body of Tartars, to whom they were opposed, Two Irish soldiers being out upon a scout, came in sight of a detachment of Tartars, and immediately commenced a retreat toward the camp. Teague, being less nimble than Pat, fell in the rear, and soon shouted to his companion, "I say Pat, hollo! I have caught a Tartar." "Well, bring him along." "I can't." "Well, leave him then, and come along." An' faith, so I would," says Teague, "but he won't let me."

Our administration finds itself very much in the situation that Teague was. In engaging in the Mexican war they have caught a Tartar that will not let them go. At a sacrifice of more than a hundred millions of dollars, and of twenty thousand human lives, they have penetrated to the city of Mexico. They find themselves in the midst of a large, exasperated, and bitterly hostile population, without having gained a single point, except possession of just so much ground as they stand upon. They cannot, at this moment, make so good terms with the Mexicans, as they could have done before the war was commenced. Every new conquest they make involves us in a new expenditure of money and a new waste of human life, without yielding any return except the barren possession. All the territory we gain is, to us, self-righteousness, the more we have of it the worse we are off. It will be a constant drain upon our treasury, as Algiers is upon that of France. Dissimilar as the people are to us, and animated by the inveterate hate, which our aggressions upon them have produced, they never will assimilate with us, and authority over them, if maintained at all, must be at the point of the bayonet.

Such is the condition in which we are placed, and by our own act. That act is one of not only great wickedness but of consummate folly. Shall we persevere in it, and make a bad matter worse? That were folly still more consummate. We believe that the judgement of the people on this point is right, and we think they ought to speak out, in tones which will be respected by their rulers. On them lies the responsibility and they ought to feel it.—*Mass. Spy.*

James Cannings Fuller.—We hear with extreme regret, of the death of this good man. The slave had no warmer friend, and the cause of reform generally, no more sincere advocate. Mr. Fuller was an Englishman by birth, but from principle, a consistent republican. He left his own country, where his wealth gave him a high social position, to reside in one where he hoped freedom meant something more than flourish of words. He never forgot to uphold here the principles which led him to seek a home among strangers. He died at Skaneateles, on the 25th ult. after a painful illness of but a few hours' duration. His age was 54 years.—*A. S. Standard.*

Negro Ambassadors at the Court of France.—M. Ardonis and Delva, men of color, presented to Louis' Philippe, the King of the French, on the 19th October, letters accrediting to them as envoys extraordinary, and ministers plenipotentiary of the Republic of Hayti to France, for the exchange of ratification of the convention of the 15th May last.

DIED,

On the 21st of 11th mo. last, at Upper Sandusky, Wyandot co., Ohio, Jonah Griffith, in the 23rd year of his age.

His death was caused by a fall from a horse.

THE FOURTEENTH
National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

To be held in Boston, during Christmas and New-Year's Week, 1847-8.

The undersigned, the Committee of the Fourteenth National A. S. Bazaar, appeal to all that is good and true in this nation for which they labor, to aid their undertaking.

Our object is the abolition of slavery thro' the renovation of public opinion; and we ask help of all who feel the impulse of compassion for a suffering people; or the instinct of self-preservation in view of the encroachments of tyranny, and the dangers of sin; or the divine and awful sense of justice, moving them to uphold the right; or the high sense of honor and religious obligation, impelling them to choose their lot in this life with the slaves, and not with their oppressors; or shame beneath the scorn of Christendom justly due to a nation of slaveholders; or disgust at the discrepancy between American principle and American practice; or responsibility for keeping pure the sources of public morals; or desire to lay deep in the national conscience, the foundations of future generations.

After a deep and careful examination of ways and means for the peaceable abolition of slavery, it has been found hopeless, except through the consent of the majority of the whole people. This obtained, the work is done; for the willing can readily find a way. Sound judgment in the choice of means, and the best economy in their expenditure, alike forbid us, therefore, to enter into the partisan or sectarian schemes, by which the purposes of any one of the various political and theological persuasions will be subserved at the expense of the cause of Freedom, while others are alienated from it in the same proportion. When the preliminary question is put, which every one ought to ask,—'How do you mean to expend the money, which you require our help to *raise?*'—our answer is, 'it shall be spent wholly and directly in awakening, informing and influencing the public mind on this primarily important question.—It shall not be put into the hands of any of the political organizations, to promote the election of any candidate, but be made to awaken the love of freedom and the hatred of slavery in all; not in aiding a few fugitives to escape, but to save them that painful and hazardous experiment by abolishing the system which enslaves them; not in sending them to Africa, but in enabling them to become the free and happy elements of national strength and prosperity at home; not in making the proposition so degrading to the morals of our nation, that the government should become the tributary of this wrong, but in efforts for such an elevation of national character as shall brand it—crime.'

This money will, in short, be spent neither in compensation, colonization, nor political partizanship; while a clear-sighted economy will also forbid its being used in the equally benevolent, though less effectual, channel of a vigilance committee. It will be spent in Propagandism:—for we strike openly, boldly, strongly, *and successfully too*, as our fourteen years of labor prove, at the *root* of the system we mean to abolish.

Finally, we appeal to our friends and countrymen to take part in this holy cause, as to frail and suffering and short-lived fellow-creatures. It shall strengthen them in weakness, comfort in affliction, and steel against calamity. It shall save them from the sin of living on the side of the oppressor, and the ignominy of dying in the silent support of wrong. It shall secure their children from such an inheritance of grief and shame, as the remembrance that their parents were drawn by disgraceful sympathy into the ranks of the enslavers, when the moral battle was fought out in the United States for the freedom of a race. Its consolations are proportionate to its renunciations; and in its prosecution, as in the great cause of Christianity, of which its principles form a fundamental part, we are able to assure such as embrace it, that no man shall lose friends, or houses, or lands for its sake, but he shall receive an hundred fold of nobler recompense in this world, and a sense of spiritual life besides, to which the indifferent frivolities of a selfish existence sink into insignificance.

By the united efforts of all who ought to co-operate on this occasion, it is proposed to place

$10,000

at the ultimate disposal of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Maria Weston Chapman,
Ann T. Greene Phillips,
and others.

The Ohio Cultivator for 1848,

Published at Columbus, Ohio, (On the 1st and the 15th of each month,) M. B. Bateham, *Editor and Proprietor. Terms* $1 *per year—four copies for* $3*—payable in advance.*

The fourth volume of the Ohio Cultivator will commence Jan 1st. 1848. This paper has now become so well known that it is scarcely necessary to speak of its character, or to allude to the commendations it has received from the Public Press and other sources. The editor is determined to spare no pains on his part to sustain the reputation of the work, and make each succeeding volume more useful than the preceeding one. Our motto is "upward and onward;" and the object of the "Cultivator" is not only to collect and disseminate valuable facts and information relating to particular agriculture; but to inspire *Farmers* with more just conceptions of the dignity of their profession; to induce them to cultivate the mind as well as the soil, and thus elevate themselves to that position which it is their duty and privilege to occupy as American Agriculturists, in this age of Progress and improvement.

With its very large list of contributors, numbering over two hundred, most of them practical farmers in the West, the pages of the "Cultivator" will contain the results of Experience, as well as the teachings of Science; and being written or selected with special reference to the climate, productions and farming of Ohio, this paper will be found more valuable than any other for the farmers of this and the adjourning States. It will contain the latest intelligence of the Markets of this country and England; notices of the weather and the crops; descriptions (with Engravings) of improved implements machines &c.; instructions in gardening and fruit culture, rearing and management of domestic animals, construction of farm buildings, fences, &c.—and a "ladies' department" devoted to household affairs, useful receipts, &c.

The friends of improvement in Ohio and adjoining States are requested to obtain and forward subscribers for the Ohio Cultivator. Remember that the price is only 75 each, when four or more names are sent by one person. All subscriptions must commence with the first number of the volume, a complete index is furnished at the end of the year. Specimen numbers and a prospectus will be forwarded to all who desire them.

☞ Now is the time to subscribe! Letters with remittances may be sent by mail at the risk and expense of the publisher.

Address, M. B. BATEHAM,
Columbus, Ohio.

DELAWARE ABOLITIONIST.

A paper of the above name will be published in Wilmington, by the Delaware Anti-Slavery Society. It will be edited by a Committee, and will be published on a half medium sheet, at *Twenty-five cents per year*, or for twenty-four numbers. It will be devoted to Emancipation in Delaware, and will advocate its accomplishment by all lawful means. It will endeavor to show that the true interest of all classes will be advanced by it. It will be published semi-monthly, if means are afforded, or as often as the means can be obtained. James B. Brooke, Publishing Agent.

POETRY.

A Visit from St. Nicholas.

BY C. C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there,
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash;
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of midnight to objects below—
When what to my wandering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name;
'Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too;
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly;
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

Gie Me thy Blessing, Mither.

BY GRETTA.

"Gie me thy blessing mither,
For I must now away,
To meet my bonny Agnes, mither,
Upon her bridal day.
I've luved her lang and weel, mither,
And thou my luve hast known;
Then lay thy hand upon me, mither,
And bless thy kneeling son."

"Ah! Willie, how my heart o'erflows
When thus I hear thee speak;
My tears are glistening on thy hair,
And dropping on thy cheek.
And oh! how memory calls up now
The days of auld lang syne,
When I a winsome bride first called
Thy sainted father mine.

"Ye look sae like him, Willie dear,
Ye look sae like him now;
Ye hae the same dark, tender een,
The same broad, noble brow.
And sic a smile was on his face
When he that morning came,
To bring awa, as ye maun do,
A lassie to his hame.

"Puir child, her heart is beating now,
As it never beat before;
Puir child, I ken her hazel een
Wi' tears are running o'er.
She luves thee, Willie, but she feels
To wed's a solemn thing—
I weel remember how I felt,
When looking on the ring.

"I weel remember, too, the hour
When, wi' a heavy sigh,
I turned, a wife sae young and sad,
To bid them a' good bye.
The tears were gushing then, I know,
For I luved my kindred weel,
And though my ain was by my side,
I could na' help but feel.

"But then, how kind he took my hand,
And gently whisper'd—'Come:
The same soft star shines o'er my cot
That shines above thy home.'
And, Willie, aften, since he's dead,
I've watch'd that distant star,
And thought I saw his gentle face
Smile in it from afar.

"We luved ilk ither weel, Willie,
We luved ilk ither lang;
Ah me! how happy was the heart
That trilled the even sang.
We luved ilk ither, Willie, right;
And may God grant it so,
That ye maun luve as we twa luved,
In days lang, lang ago.

"Oh! fondly cherish her, Willie,
She is sae young and fair;
She has not known a single cloud,
Or felt a single care.
Then, if a cauld world's storm should come,
Thy way to overcast—
Oh! ever stand (thou art a man)
Between her and the blast.

"When first I knew a mither's pride,
'Twas when I gazed on thee;
And when my ither flowers died,
Thy smile was left to me.
And I can scarce believe it true,
So late thy life began,
The playful bairn I fondled then
Stands by me now a man.

"Then tell thy bonnie bride, Willie,
She has my first-born son;
I tak' the darling from my arms,
And gie him to her own.
Oh! she will cherish thee, Willie;
For when I maun depart,
She, only she, will then be left
To fill thy lonely heart.

"I dinna fear to die, Willie,—
I ever wished to gang;
The soft green mound in yon kirk-yard
Has lunely been too lang.
And I would lay me there, Willie,
And a' death's terrors brave,
Beside the heart sae leal and true,
If 'tis within the grave.

"Then gang awa,' my blessed bairn,
And bring thy gentle dove,
And dinna frown if a' should greet
To part wi' her they love.
But if a tear fills up her ee,
Then whisper, as they part,
'There's room for thee at mither's hearth,
There's room in mither's heart.'

"And may the God that reigns above,
And sees ye a' the while,
Look down upon your plighted troth,
And bless ye wi' his smile,
And may'st thou ne'er forget, Willie,
In a' thy future life,
To serve the power that gave to thee
Thy kind and guiltless wife."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Hawthorn Bough:

OR, THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHEERFULNESS.

BY MARY COLDEN CLARKE.

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.—*Shakspeare.*

In a small upper room, in one of those off-streets in Paddington, where a decent poverty seems struggling with the dingy squalor of a really 'poor neighborhood,' sat a young girl of about fifteen or sixteen years of age, busily plying her needle at some 'plain work' from which she ever and anon cast a cheerful and loving look towards an elderly woman who was seated near her, and in whose face there was a careworn expression, made more glaringly conspicuous by the heavy eyes, sunken cheeks, drawn lips, and extreme whiteness of ill health. After a few vain attempts to return a smile in reply to the bright glances of her child, the mother said—

"I wish I could be more gay, and make you a better companion than I do, May, to cheer you through your task; but I can't help feeling to see you sitting there hour after hour, stitching away, this fine afternoon, instead of being out and enjoying the air, or if work must be done, as too surely it must—else how are we to get bread?—still it's hard I must sit here with my hands before me, doing nothing to help you all these long hours, since six o'clock this morning, when you were up, like a dear bird as you are, to get me my breakfast, and then sit down and earn our dinner."

"Mind and get well and strong soon, dear mother, and then you can work as much as you like, but till then be good and sit still, and help me as you do now, for when you chat to me and amuse me, you help me on ever so much; and then, when you read to me this morning some of that lovely 'Story of a Feather,' in the old numbers of Punch, which neighbor Johnson lent us, you cannot think how you helped me; the needle seemed to fly!"

The mother smiled and sighed. "To listen to you May," she said, "one would think it was rather a good thing that I should have had a bad fever, and be unable to hold a needle, or do anything but talk or read—but you're young and hopeful, and see everything in a cheerful light, and"—

"Well, mother, and that's a happy thing, isn't it? That's one excellent piece of comfort to think of—to be young and strong, and able to work for you, dear; for you, mother," said she, getting up to kiss the pale face which brightened as it touched the glowing round cheek of youth, "I must steal one moment to give you a hug now and then, musn't I? if it's only to tell you how happy I am to have you to work for; not like poor bereaved Patty, the feather-dresser," added she, with a shade crossing her face, "but I have you, you who have so many a tedious hour, all day and all night too, for many a long year worked and slaved for me when I was a bit of a child, and could do nothing to help you all that while—oh, mother! all that while—you forget that, for a little useless child, mother?"

Her mother smiled—a real smile this time—and murmured, "Thank God, I had you, dagling, to work for!"

"That's just what I say—thank God we have each other to work for; no one need be so miserable who has somebody to love them, somebody to love, and somebody to work for," and stout-hearted May, as she tripped back to her needle again, after having drawn her mother's chair a little nearer to the window that she might amuse herself with looking out into the street. "Tell me what you see, as I work, mother, said May, "and then it will be as good as if I were looking out myself, and better."

"There is Charlotte Dickson going out again, as she did yesterday afternoon, and the day before, and the day before that, dressed so smartly; it seems rather hard that she should be enjoying so much of this fine weather, while my poor May is obliged to sit at home every day; for I hear Charlotte gives her mother a great deal of trouble and"—

"Well then, I'm sure I would not change places with her," said May, laughing, "for all her holidays; nor would you have me do so, mother, would you?"

Her mother had been looking at Charlotte, and followed her with her eyes down the street, and what she saw of the girl's flaunting, careless, free manners, made her answer in a fervent voice, 'God forbid!' Two young men lounged by, and as they passed Charlotte she uttered a heartless laugh which struck chill to the mother's heart, and made her repeat suddenly, yet thankfully, 'God forbid, May!'

"Now what do you see, mother?" asked May; and then, without waiting for an answer, she added, "I'm like the poor lady in the story of Blue-beard, ain't I mother? asking her sister to look out for her, and saying, 'Sister Anne, sister Anne, what do you see now?' By the bye, that's one of the beauties of needle-work, poor needle-work, that you are always abusing for my sake, mother; it always lets you amuse yourself with thinking over all the pretty stories you have ever read."

"Well, and I'm something like sister Anne," said her mother, "for I see a flock of sheep coming along; and the dog goes yelping round them, and the poor man who is driving them looks hot and tired, but not at all like the knight on horseback, sister Anne's brother."

"And I should think the poor sheep don't enjoy their walk much, with the dog biting and worrying at them, and the man with his red dusty face, of course is not very comfortable," said May; so you see, mother, walking out is not always the pleasantest thing in the world, though the weather be fine and bright."

The mother and daughter smiled at each other, as the former shook her head, saying, "Ah, May!"

"Well now, mother, at last you will really have your wish that I should go out and get a little fresh air" said May, for I've just finished my work, and promised to take it home this evening: see here, this set of linen for Mrs. Mortington, and these frilled wrappers for Mrs. Beauchamp—both at Bayswater, so it will be a delightful walk for me, and I shall enjoy it all the more this fine evening, for having been in the house all day. If I were like you, naughty mother, I should regret that you can't go with me; but I won't, for you are staying at home to get well soon, ready to go out with your own May happily together, in the nice long summer evenings when we can't see to work. Besides," added she, "in honor of this evening, (when I knew—at least hoped—I should finish my two pieces of work,) I have got some rice and some milk, that we may have a nice little supper together when I come home; and Betty Simpson has promised me she will come up and set on the saucepan for you; and then if you were to have gone out walking with me, who would have set and watched the rice-milk to see that it did not boil over, I should like to know?" And thus cheerily ran on the little sempstress, as she tied on her bonnet, packed up her work, and kissing her mother fondly, tripped off on her errand, leaving an atmosphere of hope and blithe courage behind to keep the mother's heart warm with comfortable thoughts of her till her return. May walked quickly, that she might be the sooner home; so quickly that when she arrived at Mrs. Mortington's she was very glad to sit down in the hall, where she was bid to wait till the lady of the house could see her.

It was a pleasant place, this hall, at least so it seemed to the little sempstress, who had been shut up in a close room in a narrow street all day. It was spacious and airy, and the white stone floor contrasted well with the rich dark red tints of some parti-colored India matting; there were stands of green house plants ranged around, and there was a glass door that stood open at the farther end of the hall, giving a view of the brilliant flower beds in the garden, and admitting their pleasant fragrance, which was wafted in on the soft spring evening air, and brought sweet and balmy refreshment to the young workwoman. She with her keen sense of enjoyment, gave herself up to the voluptuous influence, and leaning back in the stiff wooden hall chair, luxuriated in the innocent gratification with as entire a relish as the most pampered fine lady could have found when lolling on the silken cushions of her boudoir sofa. "It must be pleasant, too," thought May, "to live always in such a place; it certainly must be much pleasanter than living in a small street like ours—though of course we try to make the best of it—yet, no garden; no flowers; no—or scarcely any—air; no —"

She was interrupted in her course of tho't by voices which seemed to proceed from a door opposite, which partly opened, and then was held ajar, as if the person opening it was arrested in his progress. "Well, what do you say?" said a gentleman's voice.

"Why, I say," answered that of a lady, and yet it was sharp and querulous, "I say, I hope you're not going to stay out so late, Frederick, as you did last night, and"—

"Not every night," answered the other voice; besides, I don't want them to sit up; send them to bed; I'll take the key."

"But you know, Frederick, that terrifies me out of my life. I'll sit up myself—and yet, I'm fit for nothing without my night's rest;" said the sharp voice in a wailing key; then, as the door was pulled open with an impatient hand, it exclaimed, "Frederick, Frederick! stay! promise me that"—

But Frederick seemed determined to listen no longer to shrewish remonstrance; for, bursting forth angrily, muttering, and passing straight across the hall to the street door, he went out, slamming it after him with a violence that made all the flower-pots dance on the green stands, as if they rejoiced and jumped for joy at his departure.

The lady, who had approached the parlor door in her eagerness to detain her husband, now perceiving May, beckoned her to come into the room.

"So you've brought the work home at last, child," said she with snappish emphasis, "I thought you promised to let me have it home yesterday evening. You said Tuesday, didn't you?"

"Tuesday or Wednesday, ma'am," answered May; "I said I would try and let you have it on Tuesday, but I feared it would be Wednesday."

"Try and let me have it; try!" echoed the lady, with a cross tart voice, and ill temper dragging every line of her face into a sour expression that had the sole merit of being in strict keeping with her voice; "try! I wonder what that means, girl?"

"That I would try and get it finished for you, ma'am," said May, simply.

"Don't be pert, minx," said the peppery lady, ready to fire up at the least supposition of an insult; but glancing at the steady countenance of May, and seeing nothing in its extreme composure which could warrant the idea of intended impertinence, she paid her the stipulated sum for the linen, and rung the bell to have the sempstress dismissed.

"Such an unhappy temper would make life miserable in even a prettier place than this," thought May, as she followed the servant through the bright and scented hall she had so lately admired. "It seems almost a relief to get away from it," continued she to herself as she stepped across the threshold, and took herself to the other house at which she had to call.

It was a small cottage, prettily situated in the midst of a large garden, and here, on a sloping lawn, sat the master and mistress of the house, surrounded by their children; some gamboling and frolicking about, tumbling each other over and over on the grass; some more soberly seated near their mother's feet, making nosegays of buttercups and daisies, while one little blue-eyed girl was climbing on her father's knee, and coaxingly begging him to tell her a story.

As May approached the merry group at a sign from the lady, who took the bundle of work, and began to examine it, the little ones all crowding round to have a peep at the contents, she thought she had never seen such a perfect picture of happiness as this family presented. The lady having approved of the manner in which the needle-work was done, paid May the money, and then asking her to sit down on one of the garden-seats, to rest herself after her walk, she cut a slice from a home-made cake that was on the table in an arbor near, and told one of the children to offer it to May.

"Do take it—you can't think how nice it is," said the little fellow, holding the plate towards her, "there are plums in it, and orange and lemon peel!" May kissed his fresh rosy cheeks, and she took the cake and thanked him, while she thought, "Surely, if there is perfect happiness on earth, it must be here, with such kind, good hearts!"

But when May had eaten her cake, and was preparing to make her farewell thanks and curtesy, a nursery-maid came running from the house, saying to her mistress—"Oh! pray come in ma'am, pray come directly to poor baby. He's much worse, I'm sure he's much worse, than you fancied when you left him; I can't help thinking it's the whooping-cough he's got, instead of a slight cold, as we thought at first."

The mother anxiously hurried away, the father took his little girl up in his arms, and followed her, the children dispersed, and amid the general confusion, May took her leave, and went out at the garden gate with a heart full of sympathy for the distress of the amiable family.

On one side of the lane on which the cottage stood, there grew a hawthorn hedge, and May lingered for a moment to gather a branch of the scented May blossoms to take home to her mother; then quickening her step, she walked on fast, and with fluttering breath and beating heart, she thought over the agitating question of life, its struggles, its endurance, its hopes, its mingled suffering and happiness. "As well might I uselessly stop to regret leaving this beautiful light," said May, as she turned for an instant toward the Western sky, which glowed with a last flood of pale glory over the green masses of the Kensington-garden trees, "as well might I shrink from turning to enter the dark city," said she, proceeding again on her way towards home, "as flinch from entering life with hope and a stout heart, because some drawbacks exist in my lot, as well as in that of all other beings, more or less, it seems. If I can but earn enough to support my dear mother, and cheerfully help her to see things in as happy a light as possible, who knows but we may be able to strew our way with spots as bright as those glorious stars yonder." She raised her young hopeful face to the blue Eastern heavens, now deepening with the shades of evening, and just beginning to disclose a twinkling star or two; and as May gazed on their benign radiance, and inhaled the pure scent of the hawthorn buds on the bough in her hand, she felt strengthened and elevated by the gentle presence of Nature.

"My dear May," said her mother, as they sat enjoying their little feast of rice-milk, after May had told all she had heard and seen during her absence at Bayswater, "it is but too true. In the most enviable lot in life there is always something to destroy its perfection, and make us feel that our own is not so very hard in proportion as we had imagined it. Courage and Constancy will do much towards making a semptress' life a contented one."

"And Cheerfulness and hope, dear mother; do not forget Cheerfulness and Hope!" May had placed the branch of hawthorn in a glass of fair water on the supper-table; she drew it towards her as she spoke, and hanging fondly over its delicate clusters, she repeated—"Cheerfulness and Hope! These two make us look at life as at this hawthorn-bough: it has its thorns, sharp and deep-wounding, but it has its glossy green leaves, and its bright pure blossoms of lustrous white, yielding their delicious perfume; and more, mother, those two bid us remember that the thorns, piercing though they may be, are yet far out-numbered by the leaves and blossoms!"

The following description shows how some of our equal brethren live and die in the crowded streets of our great cities.

TYPHOID FEVER IN BAKER STREET.—Within the last three weeks the most malignant form of Typhoid or Ship Fever, has visited Baker street and the adjacent region in the first ward of the District of Moyamensing. The wretched inhabitants who occupied the holes and dens in that district have been dying in crowds under the pestilence. The authorities interposed so far as to board up Baker street, and turn out its tenants.—A hundred of them, at least, with such goods as they possessed, were driven to seek other shelter wherever they could find it. Some of the shanties were pulled down, and the accumulated filth of years has been, to some extent, removed. Ten to fifteen deaths a day occurred before the Grand Jury visited the place. The dead and dying lay stretched out together, and hunger and thirst, added to disease and despair, took possession of nearly every hovel in the infected region. Every house had been a rum shop, and these wretches were fully ripe for the frightful destruction that visited them. This Baker street is but half a dozen squares from the State House, and although the veriest extremes of human life lie within so easy a distance, not one in a thousand of our citizens have ever seen the utter destitution and beastly degradation which infests that horrible place. Its cellars, garrets, and hovels, defy all description. The first view we had of it impressed upon us the reply of Mr. Dickens, made to the suggestion that he had overdrawn the horrors of low life in London, in his novels. "Overdrawn! overdrawn!" said he, "human language at best, can only faintly depict it." There is one building in Baker street, called the Astor House; the front part of it is occupied and used as a rum shop and grocery by the owner; in the rear, which is reached through an avenue of about two feet wide, a row of rooms, five or six in number, and certainly not more than ten feet square, forms the lower story. Above this there is a second story, consisting of another row of similar rooms of the same dimensions; access to this upper tier is obtained by a stairway and a corridor, porch or scaffold, of, say three feet wide, along the front. Behind this, in a transverse direction, stands another building or wing of the establishment, built after the same model, with an equal number of rooms or cells. Each of these has a door opening, downstairs, upon the pavement, and upstairs, upon the corridor. There is not a window or a pane of glass in either of them; a hole in the upper part of the door is left to admit such pestiferous air as the vicinity supplies, and so much light as can find its way through the cleft-like space of four or five feet between them and the walls of the nearest houses. Every one of these holes is crowded with ragged, wretched, brutalized beings, of both sexes and all colors. They lie upon the floors without beds, but few of them have any fire, and we did not see any furniture in any room, except perhaps, a stool, a bottle and a tin cup, and in one of them, two or three pewter plates and a table three feet square. Each of these rooms are rented for eight or ten cents a night, to as many casual tenants as can find enough room to sleep in them. Four or five persons thus obtain lodgings for about two cents each. At this rate a building covering as much ground as a building thirty-five feet square would do, two stories, or about fourteen feet high, built of boards, and rotten with age and filth, yields the proprietor seven hundred dollars per annum; to say nothing of the hundred fold profits of grog, bread, meat and offal of all sorts, sold to a hundred tenants at a hundred fold profit. We learn that the owner of this Astor House and two other landlords in the same street, realize together about four thousand two hundred dollars a year out of property which cost them just two thousand seven hundred dollars.—None of these places is supplied with water; it is carried in whiskey bottles, and such other utensils as the wretched inmates manage to preserve from the pawnbroker and grog vender, from hydrants in the neighborhood. In this dismal region are huddled together hundreds of bone and rag gatherers, gutter scrapers, and beggars, of every hue and grade below that of thieves and prostitutes. And here a hundred rum-sellers, as many lottery venders, and a vulture gang of pawnbrokers, ex-constables, squires, and other licensed and unlicensed thieves, manage to wring fortunes out of this festering mass of putrid humanity. The wretches that herd here live more abominably than beasts are capable of, and the harpies that prey upon them, have a horrible fitness for the hell in which they reign.

It was among these poor people that Doctor Mullen established his house of industry, with so much success last winter. Women to the number of sixty or seventy, earned about fifteen cents a day by sewing carpet rags supplied to them, and on that sum supported themselves and their families better than the largest practicable charity could have afforded. During the prevalence of the fever among them he had a hundred individuals under his care, until houses could be found for them; day and night he worked among them, exposed to the contagion, and to the mob that resisted his efforts in fear of the fever when he procured places to bestow the sick and suffering, and in constant peril from the grog-sellers and their allies, whose crimes and cruelties he was exposing.

We make no effort to describe the horrors of the place; we have neither the talent nor the heart for the task. One sentence will explain it as well as a volume. ☞ There are three hundred rum shops in the first ward of the District of Moyamensing. ☜ In these rum is sold by the cent's worth, and lottery policies as low as three cents a share!!!!—*Philadelphia Liberty Herald.*

The wise man never acts without counsel. He sometimes consults in the most important affairs, even the least intelligent persons—men that have the least spirit and the least experience. When counsels are good, we ought not to consider whence they come.

Eschew vanity and pride. Although thou hadst all the prudence and ability of the ancients, if thou hast not humility, thou hast nothing, thou art even the man of the world that deservest to be contemned.

Learn what thou knowest already, as if thou hadst never learnt it; things are never so well known but that we may forget them.

The wise man blushes at his faults, but is not ashamed to amend them.

He that lives without envy and covetousness may aspire to every thing.

Wouldst thou learn to die well? Learn first to live well.—*Confucius.*

Much may be done in those little shreds and patches of time which every day produces, and which most men throw away, but which nevertheless will make at the end of it, no small deduction from the life of man. Cicero has termed them *intercisiva tempora,* [*Cut up times.*—PUB.] and the ancients were not ignorant of their value; nay, it was not unusual with them either to compose or dictate, while under the operation of rubbing after the bath.

Cruel men are the greatest lovers of mercy—avaricious men of generosity—and proud men of humility,—that is to say, in others, not in themselves.

Let those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.

The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain.

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Columbiana, Sept., 4, 1847. 6m

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Hannah T. Thomas; Wilkesville.
Southington; Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union; Joseph Barnady.
Hillsboro; Wm. Lyle Keys.
Malta; Wm. Cope.
Hinkley; C. D. Brown.
Richfield; Jerome Hurlburt, Elijah Poor
Lodi; Dr. Sill.
Chester X Roads; H. W. Curtis.
Painesville; F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills; Isaac Russell.
Granger; L. Hill.
Bath; G. McCloud.
Hartford; G. W. Bushnell,
Garrettsville; A. Joiner.
Andover; A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore.
Achor Town; A. G. Richardson.

INDIANA.

Marion; John T. Morris.
Economy; Ira C. Maulsby.
Liberty; Edwin Gardner.
Winchester; Clarkson Pucket.
Knightstown; Dr. H. L. Terrill.
Richmond; Joseph Addleman.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Fallston; Milo A. Townsend.
Pittsburgh H. Vashon.